

THE FEMALE COTTAGE



THE FEMALE COTTAGE



THE
FIRST PART
OF
Peter Pindar's POEMS.

R

In WALCOT Pindar's fire began to blaze,
And burn abroad amid his mirthful days.

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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P O E M S, &c.

PHILEMON TO AMANDA.

IF on PHILEMON, whom you once held dear,
You cast one thought, and from him deign to hear;
Behold I write, but with a feeble hand,
My pen can scarce obey my heart's command:
Receive these lines (the last I e'er shall send) *
With warmest wishes for so lov'd a friend!—
Friend! did I say? O cold! too cold a name!
T' express this boundless, this encreasing flame;
Inspid word! unknown to warmth divine;
To love so strong, so pure, so fond as mine!
Oh! think (but mayst thou never feel the smart!)
What parting anguish rends PHILEMON's heart!
Whose love, whose slighted love's so fix'd and true,
Ten ages past *that* love would still be new:

A

Yet

2 PHILEMON to AMANDA.

Yet you're unkind! I still am doom'd to woe;
 Why, fair deceiver, am I treated so?
 Why, why so chang'd? this coldness tell me why?
 Is one more constant, one more true than I
 Worthy thy love? or has some youth more fair,
 Deserv'd thy smile and gain'd a lover's care?
 Rival! be happy!—mayst thou never know
 These pangs *I* feel! this agony of woe!
 And thou, AMANDA!—mayst thou still enjoy
 Contentment lasting, bliss without alloy;
 Peace crown thy days, and banish all thy grief;
 To think thou'rt happy gives me some relief.

Have you forgot those solemn vows you made?
 Think, recollect, call mem'ry to thy aid;
 Think! nor let one fond sigh escape thy breast,
 Thou once was kind, and I was more than blest!
 In yonder grove, yond oft-frequented grove,
 Thou first did hear, and first repaid my love:
 When round my neck in am'rous wreaths you hung,
 And love's warm language falter'd on thy tongue;
 Didst

PHILEMON TO AMANDA. 3

Didst thou not swear by all the powers above,
By Jove supreme, and by the God of Love;
By earth, by sea, by air, by all that *moves*,
That with our lives shou'd only end our loves?
Vows! oaths! where are ye? Canst thou think on *this*,
And calmly say, *I have not done amiss?*

When on those blisful scenes, which now are o'er,
With heaving sighs my midnight hours deplore,
A gentle slumber will my woes beguile,
I hear thee speak, and see thy heavenly smile!
Love-whisp'ring angels hover o'er my head,
And wanton Cupids guard the am'rous bed;
* Around thy form my clasping arms I twine,
And thou as kindly seem'st to circle mine:
Mad with delight I revel ev'ry grace,
And melt my soul within thy fond embrace.
Short-liv'd enjoyment! from my golden *dream*
Too soon I wake.—Alas! how chang'd the scene!
Deep, sudden horrors, seize on ev'ry part;
I rave, start up, and beat my lab'ring heart;

* *Around thy form, &c.* See Mr. Pope's Sappho to Phaon,
ver. 149.

4 PHILEMON TO AMANDA

With frantic wildness tear my clotted hair,
And give my soul to all her fell despair !

But soft—I'll think no more—no more, in vain,
Implore that pity which I cannot gain :
Quick will I seek some humble hermit's cell,
Calmly retir'd, with tranquil ease to dwell ;
Or some lone shepherd's cot, or silent grove ;
Far, far from woman, and the snares of love :
There bar thy image from my rugged soul,
There cast remembrance " far as pole from pole ;"
More placid thoughts, sensations more refin'd,
Shall lull to peace and harmonize my mind :
Reflection pure to future worlds shall rove,
And fill my breast with an immortal love :
So shall my days, without one thought of thee,
Make clear their way to blest eternity.

WINE

WINE AND FRIENDSHIP.

JOLLY BACCHUS! come along;
Joy and *Pleasure* grace my song;
These, firm-knit, are ever thine,
God of *Friendship*, God of *Wine* :
Thou disdain'st all fordid ends,
True and social, best of friends!

Lovely VENUS, beauty's pride!
Fondly seat thee by my side;
Laugh and drink, and kiss and toy,
Thy delights can never cloy :
With thee little CUPID bring,
Love and pleasure's smiling king!
God of falsehood, God of truth,
Blindly cunning, subtle youth!

Drawer! bring the other flask;
Drain the Bacchanalian cask;
Freely fill the flowing bowl,
Transports revel in my soul:

The

6 WINE AND FRIENDSHIP.

The spark of life is quickly out,
Threescore years soon roll about,
Unperceived slide away,
Like a cloudy summer's day :
Drink, securely, while you've breath,
When death summons — drink to death !
Joys unnumber'd, joys divine,
Lib'ral gives the sparkling wine !

Yonder ! see ! with heavenly grace,
Fair APOLLO shews his face :
Let each jarring sound be mute,
Soft and gently wake the lute :
Now the lively song prepare,
Blithe APOLLO ! — welcome here.

Thus, securely, I enjoy
Happiness without alloy :
Always easy, never wrong,
Drink my glass, and sing my song :
Kings and kingdoms, pomp and fame,
Honors, titles, riches, name,

States

WINE AND FRIENDSHIP. 7

States and statesmen, what to me ?
Mine be mirth and jollity.
With a friend and bottle, I,
Greatly blest ! all care defy ;
Friend and bottle, then be mine,
Take the world, I'll not repine.

When I'm dead, let me but have
This inscription o'er my grave ;

“ Reader, waste not on this stone
“ One unmanly tear, nor groan ;
“ He, who, safe beneath it lies,
“ Nor regards thy tears nor sighs :
“ Not in grief *his* days were spent,
“ No !—he liv'd and died content !
“ Free from all the war of strife ;
“ Free from care he pass'd his life ;
“ Threescore years on earth he staid ;
“ He envy'd none, of none afraid ;
“ Enjoy'd his bottle to the end,
“ Laugh'd at the world, and lov'd his friend !”

ODE

ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL jocund Spring! that brings along,
In chearful dance, the sportive throng;

Blest season! ever gay!

Permit my unexperienc'd lays

To pay a tribute to thy praise,

And own thy genial sway.

The warbling choirs their off'rings bring

To welcome thy return, O Spring!

The hills with joy resound;

The cowslips glad the *laughing fields*,

The blushing rose its odor yields,

And vi'lets *breathe* around.

The elms their verdant honors spread;

The dew-drops *gild* the *mossy bed*,

Where daisies bloom among—

Hark! soft and joyous, thro' the skies,

Ten thousand sprightly voices rise,

And *echo* joins the song.

These

ODE TO SPRING.

9

These blissful scenes soon pass away,

The pride, the glimm'ring of a day,

Decline on rapid wing :

Hence, learn to know vain, mortal man,

Thy fleeting life is but a span ;

True emblem of the Spring !



B

LOVE

LOVE VICTORIOUS.

AVAUNT ! ye critics, hence, away !
Nor intercept my artless lay :
Cast rigid rules and looks aside ; —
You can't commend—then pray don't chide.
My muse is but of feeble wing,
And scarcely dares attempt to sing :
In time, perhaps, she may grow stronger ;
Then, O forbear ! a little longer :
Keep in your rage ;—O smile for once !—
Rough usage never cur'd a dunce.
But, if you will not let me pass
Without, “ This fellow is an Ass ; ”
Why, do your worst ; I value not
Your frightful frowns one single jot ;
Find faults, mend none ; growl, sneer, and rail ;
I'll e'en proceed to tell my tale.

There liv'd a R—f—r, in Kent,
A worthy knight of high descent,

Exceeding

Exceeding rich in house and land ;
 Whole parishes at his command :
 Some grace he had, and also wit,
 Yet wanted sense to manage it.
 Full threescore transient years and two,
 Had this wife mortal bustled thro',
 Without e'er ent'ring HYMEN's chains,
 Or tasting all those joys and pains
 Attendant on a marry'd life,
 That plague the husband, teize the wife ;
 For, let us marry when we will,
 We with the good must take the ill ;
This hour will peace and love create,
That, storms, and strife, and mutual hate ;
 'Tis not (I think) unlike my purse,
 Sometimes my blessing, oft my curse,

At length, blind CUPID, who's ne'er quiet,
 Began to make a monstrous riot ;
 He pointed sharp his keenest dart,
 And deeply pierc'd Sir WORTHY's heart,

12 LOVE VICTORIOUS,

Rais'd in his breast so strong a flame,
 As skill nor prudence cou'd not tame.
 It was a buxom lass, hard by,
 On whom Sir WORTHY cast an eye,
 An eye of love, for she was fair,
 As mix'd the rose and lily are,
 Ay, fairer too;—and BELL her name;
 Of poor, yet honest kin she came:
 Now, here, (but language proves too faint)
 I here wou'd all her beauties paint:
 The richest treasure of the spring,
 When flowers bloom and linnets sing;
 The utmost am'rous poets feign,
 Of DAPHNE's face, and CHLOE's mien,
 Together huddled, just wou'd be
 As much like BELL, as BELL like me.

Beauty, in high degree possess'd,
 Is 'ticing, it must be confess'd,
 Therefore, what civil person can
 Accuse this old, vehement man

Of

Of acting madly, thus to be
 Ensnar'd in Love's captivity?
 For let me tell you, by the bye,
 From CUPID's dart no one can fly;
 When he shoots Love obey we must,
 And here 'twas truly Love—not Lust:
 But when the wanton heart is fir'd
 By lustful flame, and not inspir'd
 With those pure extasies confin'd
 Alone, unto a virtuous mind,
 I think't may be compar'd, and right,
 To any other appetite,
 Which, oft, when satisfy'd, disdains
 The very thing that eas'd its pains.
 But this good man was fore attack'd,
 By Love's tyrannic power rack'd;
 He neither ate, nor drank, nor slept,
 All day he sigh'd, all night he wept;
 For shame, he durst not tell his love;
 But, doubtless, 'tis a thing will move
 All obstacles, and ev'ry source,
 That may presume to stop its course;

Pride,

Pride, reputation, honor, fame,
All wing their flight at CUPID's name.

One summer's morning, as in bed,
Sore-pinch'd with Love, Sir WORTHY laid,
He mus'd and ponder'd in his mind
The strange deceits of womankind :
" Suppose," says he, " I take for wife
" This charming maid, to soothe my life,
" And she shou'd gad, and be inclin'd
" To seek some man more to her mind —
" Hence impious thought ! suspicion base !
" Fair Virtue's self shines in her face :
" How modest all her ways appear !
" I shall be blest'd, I need not fear !
" She's virtuous, beauteous, quite divine !
" By Jove, she must, she shall be mine :
" I will begone this very day,
" To her, in humble homage, pay
" My love sincere, without delay."
Thus Sir WORTHY having said,
He quickly bolted out of bed,

And

And gave the bell an hearty ring,
Which made the hall's whole structure ring;
With greatest speed, th' echoing trill
Brought Dick to know his master's will;
A very waggish youth was he,
But subtle to the last degree;
Possess'd of mod'rate wit and sense,
And most *immod'rate* impudence;
And had in love affairs such knowledge,
You'd swear he'd been brought up at college?
Withal he was of good behav'our;
And greatly in his master's favour:
To whom the knight first heav'd a sigh,
And thus began with rueful eye:

“ Thus far thou hast been true and just,
“ And never once betray'd my trust;
“ I own, I've for thee great regard,
“ And, oft, have promis'd to reward
“ Thy constant, true fidelity,
“ On all occasions shewn to me.

There

" There works a secret in my breast,
 " Which quite deprives my soul of rest ;
 " To thee this secret I'll disclose ;
 " 'Tis thou must help to calm my woes."

DICK bow'd, and thus, with smooth reply,
 " Most honor'd Sir, for you I'd die,"
 Then wip'd a tear from either eye:

}

Continued he, " If you'll vouchsafe,
 " To trust in me your humble slave;
 " I will exert my utmost skill
 " To render things unto your will :
 " And, Sir, believe me, I don't flatter,
 " If it be Love, if that's the matter,
 " Ne'er fear to speed, doubt not success ;
 " VENUS is kind, and you shall blefs ;
 " You're not yet old, and, when well dress'd,
 " You look as handsome, I protest,
 " As any spark of twenty one : —
 " You'll gain your wish, *sure as a gun.*

" And

“ Be bold, and push your suit with glee ;

“ And, if you dare confide in me,

“ I’ll do my best to win the fair ;

“ And paint your virtues *to an hair*.”

DICK ceas’d: This speech Sir WORTHY pleas’d,

And more than half his troubles eas’d ;

Then (not perceiving RICHARD’S guile)

He made this answer, with a smile:

“ Thou’rt sure a witch, that thus thou can

“ O’er all my bosom secrets scan :

“ I own thou’st guess’d, I am in love ;

“ Witness ye ruling powers above !

“ Witness the deep, the deadly dart,

“ Which wounds and stings my throbbing heart ;

“ My ev’ry sense and nerve is fir’d,

“ And my whole soul’s with Love inspir’d.

“ Away, prepare! prepare with speed,

“ My highest mettled, prancing steed ;

“ We’ll off this moment to the maid ;

“ Ye gods ! propitious lend your aid ;

“ Smile,

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“ Smile, gentle CUPID! hail the day,
“ And waft a Lover on his way!
“ Expand your wings ye billing doves;
“ Protect me all ye gentle loves!
“ O touch her heart with Love like mine!
“ A heavenly flame, and glow divine!”
The knight, in this transported strain,
Ran on till DICK return’d again,
Who told his master, with a bow,
All was in readiness below.

Return’d Sir WORTHY, “ Let’s away,
“ Nor idly waste, in dull delay,
“ The very moments which shou’d prove
“ My strong, and still encreasing love.”

No sooner said but off they went,
Tho’ not with adequate content;
For DICK was merry at the heart,
And knew full well to play his part:
Sometimes the knight wou’d joke, then grieve,
And DICK did fame, whilst, *in his sleeve*

He

He laugh'd to see the foolish whim
 His master's fancy sported in ;
 And inwardly rejoic'd to think,
 How snugly he might pluck this *pink*,
 This blooming lass, in whom the squire
 Had fix'd his heart, and soul's desire.

At length, Sir WORTHY thus began,
 " My true, my good, my faithful man !
 " If thou'lt assist, and, with thy aid,
 " I gain this fair, this lovely maid,
 " I'll give thee free, from taxes clear,
 " A farm worth threescore pounds a year,
 " Besides an house, and cattle too ;
 " Upon my honour this I'll do."
 Straightway return'd the cunning knave,
 " You are too good ; I'm but your slave ;
 " If I still live as heretofore,
 " I shall be blest ; I ask no more :
 " In this, and all affairs beside,
 " Your goodness ever may confide

“ Within my breast, I will be true,
“ And ever strive to pleasure you :
“ Your secrets, with the strictest guard,
“ I always kept, but for reward——
“ I don’t, nor never shall desire:”——
“ Have done,” reply’d the love-sick squire ;
“ I say it must and shall so be ;
“ Therefore leave off this foolery.”

DICK heard with pleasure this rebuff,

(A word to DICKY was enough)

And trotted on with heart as light

As frisk of midnight elfe or sprite ;

Accumulating future fare,

And *building castles in the air* ;

How he wou’d exercise command,

When master of the promis’d land :

“ Each day,” says he, “ I’ll get up soon,

“ And sport, or walk, or ride till noon ;

“ At half past twelve, or one, I’ll dine,

“ Then sit and drink my glass of wine ;

“ Then

“ Then (free from sorrow, free from care)

“ Enjoy my nap in elbow-chair ;

“ At night *chit-chat* with master's wife ;

“ And thus I'll make the most of life.”—

But soft, my muse, methinks we stray,

And strangely loiter on our way ;

A truce with rambling to and fro ;

Suppose we, without more ado,

Sir WORTHY, and his *trusty* friend,

Safe-joggled to their journey's end :

BELL's father first appear'd in fight,

To whom thus spake the am'rous knight :

“ Behold, O reverend Sire ! to you

“ For health, for peace, for life I sue :

“ You have (sure made for love and me !)

“ A daughter fair, as fair can be !

“ For her I've languish'd, pin'd, and sigh'd ;

“ I'm come, and will not be deny'd ;

“ Fair BELLA all my bosom warms,

“ For, oh ! she has resistless charms !

“ Haste !

“ Haste ! haste ! with speed bring forth my queen !”

“ Lord ! Sir,” says GAFFER, “ what d’you mean ?”

“ Your queen ! my daughter ! rustic BELL !

“ Delusion sure !—What magic spell

“ Has thus your wand’ring brain misled,

“ And rais’d these whimsies *in your head* ?”

“ Let”—“ Reason’s vain—I know I’m right ;

(With voice decisive cry’d the knight)

“ Nor shall persuasion make me falter,

“ Or this my resolution alter,

“ That (spite of wealth, and spite of pride)

“ The charming BELL shall be my bride.”

Old GAFFER, stricken with surprize,

Cou’d scarcely credit ears or eyes ;

But finding ’twou’d be out of season,

To speculate, and talk of reason,

He strok’d his beard, and bow’d his head,

Then thus, with air submissive said :

“ O Sir ! may Heaven ever bless,

“ And crown your actions with success ;

“ May Fate’s propitious hand incline,

“ And joy for ever, ever shine !”——

“ No

“ No more,” reply’d the knight, “ away,
 “ Prepare your girl ; this very day
 “ She shall be mine ; our hearts and hands
 “ Shall soon be join’d in HYMEN’s bands.”

Accordingly ran GAFFER quick,

Whilst thus Sir WORTHY spake to DICK :

“ Now for the point. Behave full well,
 “ When first you see my charming BELL ;
 “ And when she shall interrogate
 “ About my temper, customs, state,
 “ My virtues, vices, whims and freaks,
 “ Weigh well thy words before thou speaks,
 “ And, with great seriousness, protest,
 “ Of all mankind I am the best.”
 “ Fear not,” replied DICK, “ but I
 “ Will all my art and cunning try,
 “ To make appear that you are he,
 “ Whose equal’s not, nor ne’er can be,
 “ For mild, good nature, unconfin’d,
 “ A tender heart and gen’rous mind.”

Now,

24 LOVE VICTORIOUS.

Now, reader, turn thine eye a while,
 Fair BELLA comes with heavenly smile!
 And drest in all her native charms.—
 The knight, with wide expanded arms,
 Embrac'd the maid and *forc'd* a kiss:
 Good gods! what joy cou'd equal his!
 Then, “BELL,” said he, and softly sigh'd,
 “Will you consent to be my bride?”
 Be't here observ'd, that, BELL, tho' young,
 Knew nicely how to use her tongue;
 She, therefore, thus, with blushes, said:
 “Your Honour's will must be obey'd;
 “Whate'er commands you may impress,
 “I'll execute with willingness;
 “T' oblige you is my whole desire;
 “My ardent wish can ne'er aspire
 “Beyond”—“Enough! my charming bride!”
 In ecstacy, Sir WORTHY cried;
 Then, turning to the rustic pair,
 Address'd 'em thus, with chearful air;
 “O! quit this rude, this lonely spot;
 “Your daily toil, and humble cot;

“Yours

" Yours shall a happier dwelling be :
 " Wealth, pleasure, ease, serenity,
 " Abundantly shall still increase,
 " And gently close your days in peace."
 " O gen'rous Sir!" old GAFFER cried,
 And fondly view'd his hut and sigh'd,
 " What powerful gold cou'd never gain,
 " What kings have often sought in vain,
 " Within these narrow bounds I find ;
 " Health and contentment sweetly join'd.
 " Unenvy'd, unambitious, here,
 " I grow my corn, I brew my beer,
 " And pay my landlord twice a year.
 " Few are my wants, and small my wealth,
 " I sleep in peace, and rise in health :
 " High life and grandeur, pomp and pride,
 " To me, kind Heaven hath deny'd :
 " Diffimulation, envy, hate,
 " Are sure attendants on the great :
 " Here, then, permit me still to be,
 " For greatness ne'er was meant for me."

}
}

D

Thus

26 LOVE VICTORIOUS.

Thus GAFFER spoke, The worthy knight
His reasons weigh'd, and found 'em right ;
And stood convinc'd that nothing less
Than true content was happiness.
Now, to her honor'd parents, BELL
Advanc'd, and took a fond farewell :
Her good old mother drop'd a tear ;
Her father thus, " My child beware !—
" To please thy spouse be all thy care."

}

Now see the knight and destin'd bride
Jog gently homeward, side by side,
Whilst DICKY (as all laqueys shou'd)
Mov'd slowly after, *chewing's cud* ;
But now and then, as if by chance,
At BELL wou'd cast a wanton glance ;
And, she, sometimes, wou'd sport her eyes
In similar immunities ;
For, let me tell you, *entre nous*,
That RICHARD's charms had more to do
Within her breast, than had the squire's
Most tender sighs and soft desires.

Well,

Well, thus far, fortune has befriended,
 Suppose we now their journey ended ;
 The parson fetch'd, the licence bought,
 And ev'ry thing done quick as thought ;
 The neighbours, all around, invited,
 Behold the happy pair united ;
 The rustics grateful homage pay,
 And joys connubial end the day.
 And, also, DICK, with heart-felt glee,
 Receiv'd his master's gen'rous fee ;
 Well pleas'd, assum'd the master, and
 The lord and king o'th promis'd land,
 He led an easy, pleasant life,
 Without one thought about a wife ;
 At WORTHY's house was *mighty free*,
 There, none more welcome was than he,
 For BELL *admir'd* his company.

}

Now, with respect and def'rence due,
 Ladies !—a word or two with you.
 My muse has told me, o'er and o'er,
 An hundred diff'rent times, and more,

28. LOVE VICTORIOUS.

She will not give the least offence,
 To you, on whatfoe'er pretence,
 Will not one word immodest say,
 To gain—even W——d's *yearly* pay.
 Well, now from manners not to part;—
 Dick horn'd the knight!—nay! do not start,
 Nor wreak on me your ill-plac'd spite;
 'Tis truth, nor more, nor less, I write:——
 But, sure! you cannot say, in *this*,
 That I have spoken aught amiss:
 Suppose, now, (in the present case)
 Some one of you in BELLA's place;
 Within your arms each tedious night,
 To hug the soundly-sleeping knight;
 To fob, and figh, and toss, and fret,
 And wish for what you—cou'd not get;
 Wou'dn't you have acted like our BELL?
 Blush not, ye wives! but truly tell;
 Pray wou'd you not have stepp'd astray,
 A little from the common way?
 Wou'd it have vex'd you, in the dark,
 To stumble over such a spark

As

As BELLA's was?—young, vig'rous, tight,
Form'd to receive and give delight :
How diff'rent RICHARD from the knight !
Ay, BELL had cause enough, in truth,
For RICHARD was a comely youth :
His fair-spread limbs were stout and strong ;
Good were his teeth ; *his nose was long* ;
Charms ! charms too great to be withstood :—
You all, poor things ! are flesh and blood.

O ye ! who are, without a wife,
Drawn to the closing scene of life,
Be warn'd by poor Sir WORTHY's fate !
Nor venture on a wife too late.
Think not, fond man ! the bridal day,
The ring, and all the priest can say ;
No, not the solemn marriage vow,
Can save from horns thy aching brow.

Sooner shall time let fall his wing ;
Sooner shall winter follow spring ;

Sooner

30 LOVE VICTORIOUS.

Sooner shall *rue* and *hemlock* be,
By ladies sipp'd instead of tea ;
Sooner shall crows with pigeons coo,
Than youth to palsied age be true.



THE

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IF I, (which Heaven forbid) e'er must
Be with that plague a woman curst,
Be forc'd to drawl thro' empty life,
Tack'd to that ill of ills a wife ;
Grant this my prayer, ye powers divine !
And at my fate I'll not repine.

O make her neither rich nor poor ;
Nor formal prude, nor wanton w—— e ;
But blest with fortune, such as may
Prevent excesses either way ;
A medium's best the wisest say.

}

Let her behaviour ever be
Not too reserv'd, nor yet too free ;
Be she not young, nor yet quite old ;
Fifteen's a flirt ; threescore's a scold ;
A touch of either let her have,
Nor wholly gay, nor wholly grave.

Lavish

34 THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Lavish no one peculiar grace
 Upon her person, nor her face ;
 A laughing eye, a dimpled cheek,
 A taper waist, or fine-turn'd neck,
 As if with power magnetic fraught,
 Attract her utmost care and thought :
 Each morn, from nine to noon, she'll pass
 In ogling at her looking glass ;
 Will dress, undress, and dress again ;
 She's first too fine, and then too plain :
 A dozen diff'rent gowns appear ;
 Not one amongst 'em fit to wear !
 Lord how the caps are tofs'd about !
 Amongst the ribbands what a rout !
 Then to her face what care is paid !
 How curiously the *rouge* is laid !
 How, (not to cover scratch or cut)
 How dextrously the patch is put !
 Thus having prank'd up ev'ry feature,
 And made herself *a perfect creature* ;
 With BETTY next, (who's sure to be
 The quintessence of flattery)

Is

Is held *a mighty consultation*;
 Gloves, and rings, and fans, and lace on;
 What frown, or smile, or gesture, will
 Look best at *church*, or at *quadrille*;
 Thus fly her hours in pride and dress,
 In constant busy idleness.

The greatest ill, in human life,
 Is certainly an handsome wife,

Go to an op'ra, ball, or play,
 Visits receive, or visits pay;
 A pretty wife is sure to be
 The butt of all the company:
 The sot admires with half-shut eye,
 And counts each beauty with a sigh;
 The rakes all swear her *heavenly fair*;
 The women laugh; the husbands stare;
 She smiles assent to all that's said;
 The good man frowns, and strikes his head,
 Feels strange emotions move his hat,
 Thinks and rethinks—he knows not what;

E

From

34 THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

From day to day grows worse and worse ;
His wife, (poor man !) his plague, his curse.

Give me a wife not foul nor fair,
If such, ye gods ! there be to spare ;
Make her, just so, that they who see,
Desire her not, nor envy me :
Let spotless virtue clothe her mind,
With sweetness and good nature join'd ;
Conduct each step, with heavenly guide,
Through all the dirty snares of pride ;
Give her discretion ;—greatest blessing
Woman can have in her possessing :
With friendship's flame inspire her breast,
To one who proves that title best ;
Be such a woman mine, for life,
My fortune, friend, companion, wife,

BEAUTY

BEAUTY DECEIVED.

THE woods were hush, the sky serene,
All nature fresh and fair,
When, from my cot, I cross'd the green,
To breathe in purer air.

The shrill-ton'd lark, on mounting wing,
With gladness hail'd the morn ;
The thrush forsook the flexile ling,
To welcome SOL's return ;

The lowing herds express'd their joy
In many a sportive bound ;

The hills, the meads were pearl'd with dew,
And wafted incense round:

As, pensive, musing thro' the grove,

I heard an am'rous dame,

With tears and sighs, (the sighs of love)

Thus tell her burning flame :

36 BEAUTY DECEIVED.

Hence! tyrant Love! O let me rest!

Too strong, too cruel foe!

Come, gentle peace! and heal my breast!

O come! and calm this woe!

Young STREPHON was the comeliest swain;

None talk'd or sung more sweet;

But, sure, no shepherd on the plain,

E'er sung with such deceit:

So fond his tale, so close he press'd,

And sigh'd with so much art,

That Love soon triumph'd in my breast,

And pierc'd my tender heart:

One night as from our fleecy care,

Hung arm in arm, we came,

The shepherd beg'd, with tempting air,

That I'd return his flame.

He press'd my hand, then heav'd a sigh,

And clasp'd my yielding charms;

I faintly

BEAUTY DECEIVED. 37

I faintly ask'd, *Such boldness why?*

Then sunk into his arms.

How soft each sigh, how warm each kiss;

Then, then how kind he prov'd?

Swift flew the moments, wing'd with bliss!

And ev'ry thought was love!

Next day as by yond neighb'ring brook,

In pensive mood, I stray'd,

My shepherd, with his flock and crook,

Came faunt'ring o'er the glade.

I look'd, I sigh'd, I kiss'd my swain;

But he, (O sad to tell!)

Nor look'd, nor sigh'd, nor kiss'd again,

But, taunting, cried, *Farewel!*

Gods! what keen anguish rung my heart!

What agonizing pain!

The thought, even now, renews the smart,

It strikes, it stings again!

Of

Of STREPHON, O ye nymphs, beware !

Be warn'd, and shun my fate —

He'll swear, he'll vow,—with caution hear,

Left you repent too late !



DELIA. A PASTORAL.

COME, shepherds, attend to my lays,
Love dictates my pen the fond strain,
To sing my sweet DELIA's due praise,
Since she is the pride of the plain :
And, sure, you won't grudge such a boon
To one that's so gentle and young ;
So blithesome she trips it each noon,
To glad ev'ry heart of the throng.

Her cheeks as the roses are fair ;
So gracefully rustic her mien ;
Her heart's never loaded with care ;
Her temper is always serene :
No grandeurs her mind can debase ;
Courts, titles, and baubles she scorns :
Art ne'er in her breast has a place ;
Fair virtue her actions adorns :

Pure

Pure truth from her tongue ever flows ;

Enrich'd with such frankness her mind ;

No secrets her lips e'er disclose ;

To all she's good-natur'd and kind ;

In truth, all her actions are such,

No shepherdefs e'er can excel ;

She's left ev'ry vice in the lurch,

Determin'd with virtue to dwell.



ON THE AUTHOR'S DEPARTURE
FROM W * * *.

W HATE'ER of meadow, or of purling rill,
The pine-topt mountain, or the distant hill,
In strains soft flowing am'rous poets tell,
Still thou, O W * * * ! for ever shalt excel :
Oft at the glimpse of SoL's declining ray,
Thro' thy lov'd shades I've mus'd my pensive way ;
Blest walks of nature ! nature's fairest scenes !
Where, unmolested, heavenly silence reigns :
Oft have I rais'd to song the lyric string,
And soar'd retire on contemplation's wing ;
Amid these wild, these aromatic bowers,
Entranc'd in bliss I've pass'd the noontide hours ;
Or stretch'd beneath yond oak's fair-spreading shade,
On the soft moss, gaz'd o'er the furzy glade ;
While the glad birds, within the citron groves,
In honied music pour'd their tender loves.
All here is joy—the dubious murm'ring stream
Dances in cadence to the lucid beam,

F

Whose

42 ON THE AUTHOR'S DEPARTURE

Whose vivifying rays, with darting glide,
Pierce the bright wave and cheer the finny tribe ;
But, as the potent lustre flow expires,
In languid strains the plaintive brook retires
Along the humid maze, oft grumbling flow,
Whilst thro' the oozy bank responds the mutt'ring low.

Lo ! where yond flow'ry croud, fair VESTA's train,
Strew the gay lawn, and stud the laughing plain.
Whilst the industrious bee, by stealth unseen,
Robs ev'ry sweet, and revels ev'ry green ;
First on the daisy, then the lily fair,
Then buzzing round perfumes the ambient air ;
Then prone direct upon the rose's hue ;
Now from the vi'let sips the virgin blue ;
Then, soaring off, he views the balmy spot,
And, with harsh hum, regains his strawy cot.

What rural pleasures, what delights, unknown
To the dull'd mortal of the dusky town ?
Here no corrosive thoughts, no cares are found,
But meek-ey'd peace wafts mild contentment round ;—

Content-

Contentment smiles ! all charming, lovely maid !
Unknown to cities, mistress of the shade.
Hail scene celestial ! ev'ry beauty's thine !
Nature effulgent ! thou art all divine !
But, oh ! joy-killing thought ! fate bids me fly
“ To distant realms, and to a different sky.”——
Ye prattling rills, ye various tinted flowers,
Ye tranquil haunts, ye amaranthine bowers,
Ye spicy meads, ye awful nodding rocks,
Ye plumag'd concerts, ye wild wand'ring flocks !
Farewel !—and thou, thrice beauteous scene !
Frown not indignant on my rustic theme ;
The muse's gift, accept her artless lays,
A weak, but well-meant tribute to thy praise,



LOVE UNSUCCESSFUL.

VENUS lovely! VENUS fair!
Hear, O hear! a lover's pray'r;
Deign to lend thine ear awhile,
Kindly look, propitious smile.
At thy shrine, on bended knee,
Thus implore I aid from thee,
Pity, VENUS, pity me!

}

PHEBE, fairest of the throng,
Pride of dance, and pride of song,
First with love inspir'd my breast,
First depriv'd my soul of rest;
Witness all ye powers above!
Witness, CUPID, god of love!
Boy mischievous, curse thy dart!
For 'tis thou hast caus'd the smart.

Oft unto yond woodbine grove,
Smiling PHEBE loves to rove;
(Soft retreat, fit place for love!

}

Am'rous

Am'rous birds, on ev'ry spray,
 Sing, fond lover, come away ;
 Wanton breezes softly blow ;
 Silver streams harmonious flow ;
 Ev'ry flower looks young and gay ;
 PHEBE fairer far than they)
 Thither I pursue the dame,
 There to figh a lover's flame ;
 But, alas ! away she flies,
 Nor regards my tears, nor fighs.
 Grove, where's now thy charms, ah where !
 Beauty now no more is here :
 Am'rous birds and breezes cease ;
 Streams harmonious hold your peace ;
 Flowers no more look young and fair ;
 Lovely PHEBE is not here.

Oft I've watch'd the charming maid
 Wander thro' yond fylvan shade ;
 On the wings of love I fly ;
 There, with prayer, with tear, and figh,

Urge

46 LOVE UNSUCCESSFUL.

Urge my suit ; but all in vain ;
 Still she hears with cold disdain ;
 Always frowns, whate'er I say ;
 When I sigh she turns away ;
 When I would my passion tell,
 Then, with scorn, she cries, *Farewel!*

Quick, O VENUS! lend thine aid,
 Warm to love the cruel maid ;
 Kindly hear a lover's cry ;
 For, without her, I must die !
 Then adieu ye once lov'd scenes,
 Verdant meads, meand'ring streams ;
 Roses white, and roses red,
 Daisies, pride of mossy bed ;
 Pleasing walks, and pensive shades,
 Which ambition ne'er invades ;
 Mild Content, who loves to dwell,
 Foe to pride, in humble cell !
 And thou, my PHEBE, too farewell!

T H E S O N G .

OF wars tumultuous and intestine rage,
Down-cloven helmets, and huge pond'rous shields
Let others sing ; or, sighing mournful with
The ev'ning breeze, of faithless DAPHNE tell.
Mine be to sing that medley call'd a SONG ;
Not such as harshly wounds the list'ning ear
With uncouth jargon, and discordant noise,
The scurvy produce of some half-starv'd scribe,
In garret cold, hewn from his heavy brain
With crude conceptions and immodest phrase :
But such as rising with superior note,
Paints the vig'rous chase, the full-mouth'd concert,
And the echoing horn : or, such as flowing
From the sailor's lip, with utt'rance bold,
Sounds GEORGE and BRITAIN !——

A well-fung song can ev'ry care destroy ;
Make sorrow smile, and baffle fell despair ;

Divest

Divest ill-nature of its ugly form ;
Make malice blush, and envy hang her head ;
Inspire our souls to great and glorious deeds ;
Teach freedom stronger to affirm her right ;
Make courage resolute, determin'd, great ;
Impress more ardent in the gen'rous breast,
Friendship, strict honor, truth, and social love.

'Tis this makes Industry, with willing hand,
Tug at the lusty oar, and brave the seas ;
Hew the stout oak or jocund guide the plough ;
Exulting blithesome 'mid the rugged task,
And rend'ring pleasant the severest toil.

Oft have I seen even venerable *age*,
Sparkle with pleasure at the mirthful song ;
With spirits elevated, briskly join
The swelling symphony in varied note,
And, chearful, seem a second time made young.

Ye youths soft languishing in CUPID's chain,
You who in vain have figh'd whole tedious years

For

For some proud beauty, insolently fair!
O quit the haughty prize! retort her scorn!
In song, with glee and well turn'd wit replete,
Defiance sing to all her boasted charms;
Nor fade the lustre of your youthful days,
With sighs unmanly, and despondence vile.

If melancholy, with her sullen train,
When thoughts abstruse imagination cloud,
Shou'd make approach upon my slumb'ring sense,
Me shall my song revive, disperse the gloom,
And raise me, joyous, from encroaching care.



ODE TO RETIREMENT.

HA I L ! sweet Retirement ! lonely maid !

My soul's delight, the poet's aid,
Thou soothing power, refin'd :

Come with thy charms, thy placid face ;

Thy ev'ry harmonizing grace !

“ Indulge my pensive mind.”

Far from this world, a world of strife !

Obscurely let me pass my life ;

Where folly ne'er shall dwell ;

No galling thoughts to taint my rest,

No rankling cares disturb my breast,

Nor haunt my lowly cell.

Let honor grace th' ambitious name,

And riches raise the worldling's fame

Above the shocks of fate :

I ask not honor, wealth, nor power,

The faint delusions of an hour,

False idols of the great.

Me,

ODE TO RETIREMENT. 51

Me, far more humble aims inspire ;
I burn with no ambitious fire ;
Nor frown at heaven's decrees :
Grant me, ye gods ! (superior lot !)
Serene and snug, some rural cot,
With mild content and ease.

Contentment ! heaven-born goddess ! tell
What place delights thee most to dwell,
Where, where's the blest retreat ?
In these lone walks, these silent shades,
These tinkling rills, these winding glades,
Is this thy blissful seat ?

Thou must be here ; with grateful voice,
The woods, the groves, the plains rejoice,
And own thy genial sway :
All nature smiles ! all laughs consent
That here alone is true content ;
Then here, O let me stay !

52 ODE TO RETIREMENT,

Here let me lift my artless lays,

Here pass my few uncertain days,

And here to dust return :

Within this calm, sequester'd shade,

Let my cold limbs be humbly laid,

This earth my silent urn.

If some dear friend, perchance, shou'd rove,

Amid this still, this silent grove,

This unfrequented coast ;

Here let him heave one tuneful sigh,

'Twill waft my fleeting soul on high,

And “ sooth my pensive ghost.”



T H E

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

THE other day about the *Town*

As idly strolling up and down,
To hear, and see, and pick up all
The news from *Bedlam* to *Whiteball*;
A curious object caught my eye,
On stage high-mounted, six feet high;
Confus'dly round him swarm'd a rabble,
With eager haste, and ceaseless gabble.
His tinsel'd coat, which once had been
(Last age perhaps) a perfect green;
Now trimly shew'd each various hue,
Of green, brown, yellow, white and blue;
A dusty beaver grac'd his head;
His wig was black; his beard was red;
Roll'd round his neck, with careless air,
A white cravat—no worse for wear;
Behind him stood the mimic *Jack*;
And other things which speak a quack.

54 THE QUACK DOCTOR,

In this array, our *Doctor* rare,

As follows spoke, with *noble air* :

“ Come *sickness*, come ! here respite find ;

“ Draw near ye deaf, ye lame, ye blind ;

“ Ye sickly, pining, poor, distress’d,

“ With ills on ills full sore oppress’d ;

“ To me for instant succour fly,

“ And on my oft-try’d skill rely.

“ See here, what wond’rous things have I ;

“ My cheap, fine *Lozenges*, now buy,

“ For humors, tumors, blood impure,

“ A ready and effective cure.

“ Lo here !” he bawl’d, “ this box of pills

“ Will cure one of the vilest ills ;

“ Dispel old rankling gleets and pains ;

“ New brace your nerves, and clear your veins.

“ This peerless phial, which I hold,

“ Is worth unnumber’d sums of gold ;

“ ’Twill bring your fight, tho’ lost ten years :

“ I’ve sold of it to *lords* and *peers* ;

“ Who for *this* bottle still wou’d give

“ A thousand guineas — *as I live !*”

“ Eighteen

“ Eighteen pence will buy the drops ;
 “ You’ll not find such in druggists shops :—
 “ But ’tis not riches I pursue——
 “ No—I’ve more noble schemes in view ;—
 “ The public good to me’s more dear ;
 “ The public good is all my care.

“ For pain at heart, whoever takes
 “ Of these my never-equal’d cakes,
 “ They’ll make him sound as any rock ;
 “ Poor sixty pence ! will buy my stock.

“ A stinking breath, whose nauseous fumes
 “ Will scent throughout a dozen rooms ;
 “ Nay even taint the very streets,
 “ And sicken ev’ry one it meets,
 “ Who, in their senses, wou’d endure,
 “ When half-a-crown will work a cure ?
 “ Will buy a breath more sweet and fine,
 “ Than *myrtle*, or the *eglantine*.
 “ Foul rotten teeth I draw with ease ;
 “ Can put in new ones, if you please,

“ And

56 THE QUACK DOCTOR.

“ And from your gums the scurvy cleanse,
 “ With little pain, and less expence.
 “ The red carbuncles on a face,
 “ I can with nicest art displace,
 “ Take off old blurs, or warts, or specks on;
 “ In short, I’ll make a new complexion.

“ I here most stedfastly aver,
 “ As I regard my character,
 “ This bottle will, in ten days space,
 “ Expel and perfectly erase,
 “ That fashionable pest the gout,
 “ Which makes in *England* such a rout;
 “ Which, without mercy, twists and stings,
 “ And ev’ry joint with torture wrings.

“ This powder, which I put to view,
 “ Will purge the scab and scurvy too:
 “ Twelve double doses for a crown,
 “ I by the sale don’t get my own;
 “ But, loving *English*, more than others,
 “ *Charity* my *Gain* quite smothers.

“ I can

“ I can (tho’ strange it seem to you,
 “ Yet not more strange than strictly true)
 “ Fresh health and vigour give the old,
 “ Unhorn a cuckold, tame a scold.

“ When I my friendly aid apply,
 “ Coughs, fevers, gripes, immediate fly.
 “ I heal all sorts of pains and strains,
 “ Nay, when requir’d, cleanse *duffy brains*.
 “ If in the grave one foot should be,
 “ Apply but here—I’ll set you free.”

Haranguing thus the country folks,
 With oft-repeated, filthy jokes,
 They flock around, in strange surprize,
 With gaping mouths, and wond’ring eyes,
 To view this MOMUS from the skies ;
 Then all more eager buy his wares,
 In hopes for good to them or theirs.

Our Doctor having, now, well pleas’d,
 Of chink his hearers pouches eas’d ;

H

Proclaimed

58 THE QUACK DOCTOR,

Proclaimed thro' the busy crowd,
With voice, and gesture, bawling loud,
“ I'm sorry, Sirs, it happens so,
“ That on to-morrow I must go;
“ I'm call'd from hence, and cannot stay,
“ But for your welfare I will pray.”
Then, archly grinning, thank'd the crowd,
And with uncover'd pate low bow'd.

Now burst the mob——
Old women, dogs, and girls, and boys,
Squeak'd, bark'd, and squall'd—so great the noise;
So shrill, so strong, so loud the clamour;
More loud than VULCAN's loudest hammer:
God save the Doctor! was the cry;
God save the Doctor! fill'd the sky.
I, willing to escape the fray,
Fast stop'd my ears, and ran away.

T H E

THE NIGHT.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Description of the Evening. Introduction.
A Description of Night Scenes. A Tale.
Continuation of Night Scenes. A Storm.
A Meditation on Fate. On Murder and
Suicide. An Invocation to Hope. The
End of the Storm. Continuation of Night
Scenes. Conclusion.*

THE NIGHT.

NOW when bright PHOEBUS has withdrawn his
rays,

In turn, to shine on some far distant clime ;
Whilst paler CYNTHIA, in her borrow'd light,
Resumes her glimmering reign, and half advanc'd
In Heaven's wide arch, displays a crescent fair ;
Let me, whilst Meditation warms to song
My languid muse, and cheers my pensive soul,
Within this grove give vent to all my thoughts,
And soar aloft on Contemplation's wings
To scan the actions of this busy world.

See where yond rising smoke in columns rolls
Cloud upon cloud, till in the skies 'tis lost —
To tell the wonders of that strifeful scene
My pen's too weak, and my conception fails :
Hark! what discordant sounds in one dread hum,
With more than horror, strike th' astonish'd ear :
The bell, shrill tinkling, calls to ev'ning prayers ;
Or,

Or, deeper ton'd, death's ravages makes known,
 Whilst, slow progressive, moves the fun'ral pomp,
 Which well declares the wealth that's left behind;
 When o'er the corpse, some moralist divine,
 In uselefs truths, it's panegyric reads,
 For which his hand th' accustom'd fee receives;
 Whilst, shame to tell, there's many a christian's bones
 Stretch'd in the dust, and bury'd like the dogs:
 For why? that fortune, for some unknown cause,
 Depriv'd them living of that glitt'ring trash,
 For want of which they meet an Heathen's doom.

Now issues forth the pest of human race,
 Whose hands, unseen, on careless pockets prey;
 Or, still more artful, raise the clam'rous mob
 Some well-feign'd quarrel to decide; whilst round,
 Not idly, stand the vile confed'rates of
 Their daring crimes. Unguarded man, beware!
 Beware, ye few, in such deep wiles untaught,
 Nor dare support the injur'd party's cause:
 Lest one, more subtle, shou'd your strength defy,
 And brave you on to meet his single arm;
Whilst

Whilst some, officious, will your courage praise,
As friend appear, to guard your envy'd cloaths;
But scarce the fray is to a period brought,
Ere you are left, the ridicule of all,
Naked and destitute to beat your way.

Nor yet less cautious, shun the motley crew
Of VENUS' tribe, at ev'ry corner plac'd;
With painted cheek, and well dissembled eye,
To tempt the heart of each unwary youth.

Now the gay world it's various toils renews,
In all the pomp which luxury e'er taught,
To courts, or concerts; masquerades or plays;
(Fit places all for gallantry and love)
Where th' lech'rous matron oft deludes the nymph,
The only offspring of her buxom youth:
The bawd too, busy with alluring wiles,
With barren fare, the statesman oft deceives,
Though still before him rolls the moral tale.

Well I remember poor PETRUCHIO's fate.
PETRUCHIO was of Fortune's fav'rite sons;

And

And being of CORRINDOR eldest born,
He claim'd his tend'rest, fondest, greatest care;
To *read* and *write* CORRINDOR taught his son;
Nay more, the story in the village goes
That he had learnt CORDERI, CATO too;
But, whilst a stripling, he his books forsook,
For the more *noble horn*, and *dogs* and *gun*;
And so proficient in his new *delights*,
That none cou'd match him in the *vig'rous chase*,
Nor *hurl a ball* with half so true an aim,

But now a *nobler cause* PETRUCHIO own'd:
Long had his father in the senate sat,
The log-like member for a charter'd town,
Whose manor, ground rents, and the like he claim'd;
But, as old age crept on his feeble limbs,
No more enabled the *great place* to fill,
Th' *important task* was buckled on his son.
CORRINDOR's crazy chaise was new equip'd,
And off * he went, with rustic MEG, his spouse;
(For, ere nineteen had told their weary'd round,

* PETRUCHIO.

PETRU-

PETRUCHIO was to MEGGY firmly join'd
 In HYMEN's holy, honorable bonds.)
 Our MEGGY was of great ALCANDER's race,
 Who had, for many years, with *matchless skill*,
 Reign'd *Justice, Judge, and Wonder* of the place.

Bon Ton was first what *tickled* MEGGY's heart,
 The *charms* of which she'd in *Romances* read :
 Nor was PETRUCHIO *deaf* to such delights,
 Therefore, with mutual love, they both agreed
 At *Drury-lane*, to make their first *grand show*,
 And, in the *pit*, to take their *proper place*,
 Where *Barnwell's* follies were to be display'd.
 It chanc'd AMORET grac'd PETRUCHIO's side ;
 A *buxom lass*, of *Pleasure's am'rous train*,
 Well known in all the *Garden's dark purlieus* ;
 And she so charm'd our stripling statesman's heart,
 (Who ne'er was adverse to the toils of love)
 With *apples, oranges*, and some *kind looks*,
 That he forgot his MEGGY near him sat.
 But be't observ'd, the damsel was no less
 In such enjoyments busily employ'd ;

For

For there LEANDER free access had gain'd ;
A waggish spark, of fame amongst the bloods ;
Full well he knew the fickle, faithless sex,
As from experience he had gain'd his skill :
Though here, not much he needed of his art ;
His honied words, and fine embroider'd cloaths,
Had too great *charms* for MEGGY to resist :
And thus beset, our rustic, thoughtless pair,
With speechless ease, fell both a willing prey
To vultures vers'd how to dispose their game ;
Who hail'd the curtain's fall, with inward joy.

The nymph, fell vixen ! led PETRUCHIO out,
Whilst shy LEANDER took the other door :
Nor was the pair averse to such *kind acts*,
Each eager pressing to th' appointed place
In expectation ev'ry wish to crown.

Sad was the *cheer* with which PETRUCHIO met ;
His hell-born syren, learnt in all her arts,
Infus'd in wine, a soporific dose,
Which laid him snoring on a forry couch ;
Whilst she, too nimbly, of his heavy purse

I

His

His loaded pocket eas'd. The statesman wak'd,
Nor did, at first, his hapless lot discern,
Till looking round his AMORET to find,
Pimp after pimp, and waiters following, throng'd
Their reck'ning to demand ; which to discharge
He for his money search'd, but search'd in vain ;
Forlorn and pennyless, aghast he star'd,
Curfing the luckless hour which tempted him
From Virtue's pleasing paths to stray : at length,
(When each around, well knowing his mishap,
Had, with loud laughter, made their sides to ach)
One, more humane, his kind assistance pledg'd
Homeward to guide PETRUCHIO's reeling steps,
Where he, with MEGGY, might their lots deplore ;
For she, sad chance, was by LEANDER base,
Infected with a shameful, dire disease.

Now the adult'rous clan, with fearful steps,
Through unknown paths, and various windings, each
With panting heart, their eager way pursue,
Till beating high, the destin'd place they greet ;
And there, in all the bliss of guilty joys,

(If

(If joys so nam'd can render mortals bliss)
They revel mutual and uncontroll'd.
Whilst each sad consort, desolate at home,
Is musing, pensive, o'er a well-spent day;
Or in more pleasing thoughts their minds employ,
To guard the morals of their prattling young.
Thus the mechanic, and the merchant too,
Jointly with nobles, share their horned fate.
But soft my Muse, nor blame the virtuous fair,
Forc'd by her stubborn parents' will, perhaps,
Into the very arms she hates; whose love's
Not for her person, but the self she heirs;
When one, more worthy, warms her tortur'd breast,
Claims ev'ry wish and echoes ev'ry sigh.
O shame! to man, to base, degen'rate man!
Who, thus, for paltry trash, his honor stains,
And forces prostitution on his wife.

Curst *Au'rice*! bane of ev'ry social tie!
"How often dost thou, cruel, rend in twain
Whom love hath knit, and sympathy made one!"

And when earth's greatest good's thy own,
 Thou still a stranger to the blessing art :
 Too oft, thro' *THEE*, deluded man mistakes
 The source from whence all human comfort springs ;
 Trusting in *wealth* to purchase *happiness*,
 And but too late his fordid error knows.

O then let love, let sincere, candid love
 Dictate your happy choice ! nor less when made,
 And with each bond and ev'ry tye confirm'd,
 Let your affections glow ; but let good nature,
 Dress'd in civil garb, each tender action grace ;
 So will your days, without the least alloy,
 One line of pleasure seem : how far unlike
 Whom int'rest joins ! there not one joy is found.
 The husband oft, instead of home, prefers
 His *pipe* and *pot*, amidst a sottish crew,
 In some fly corner hid ; where, with sage looks,
 And obscure phrase, he guides the erring state,
 And for each ruling hand a law lays down :
 Or, what's more frequent still, at *Hazard* risques
 His wife's, his children's, and his own support,
 Till,

Till, plung'd in ruin, they are forc'd to beg
A sorry pittance of some lukewarm friend.
But if, by chance, his wav'ring bark he steers
Safe from this rock, on which too many split,
And shou'd, by choice, some other sport pursue,
His wife too seldom in his pleasures shares.
And, sure, 'twou'd nature contradict, to rob
The fair sex of their birth-born privilege.
Shou'd then a youth, blest'd with a gen'rous mind,
Cojoin'd in sweetness with a comely form,
Pay his devoirs to your *neglected wife*,
What vow cou'd aid her, or what truth withstand?
Nor ye, *grave prudes*! who number in the throng
Of Virtue's sacred train, because your charms
Have 'scap'd *unnotic'd*, or, what's greater good,
Have never known a husband's *dire neglect*,
This bold assertion blame, 'till you've withstood
The *melting sighs and tears* of some fond youth,
For whom your *heart* has own'd a kind *return*.

Lo! from the South what black'ning clouds arise,
Loaded with storms to shake this sinful world,

Wrap-

Wrapping all nature in terrific glooms,
And striking horror in the guilty breast;
Even bright CYNTHIA now forgets to shine;
And sweet-ton'd PHILOMEL, with love-wrought note,
Sooths my sad soul, and fills my ear no more.
The thunder roars; earth to the centre shakes!
Whilst, round the hemisphere, the light'nings flash;
Tremendous in the superstitious eye.
Now the big drops, in quicken'd course, descend,
Till, in one gen'ral torrent, rushing forth,
The far-stretch'd clouds their mighty loads disgorge,
Threat'ning a second deluge to the world.

O how my heart commiserates with those
Whom Fortune urges from their happy homes;
But most with you, who pace your *hourly rounds*
To guard from thieves those sleeping on their *down*.
Here we may find the man once fam'd in *war*,
Whose valour oft had sav'd a *trembling state*,
Guarding the door of *him* who wrought his fall:
Who now, perhaps, in all the pomp and state,
His ill-got wealth can purchase or invent,

Is snoring under canopies of gold.
And can this grandeur, this luxuriance woo
Peace to his soul, and give him sweet repose?
Repose to guilt! Gold can work *miracles*;
Can gold do this? Ah no! Full oft he starts,
And thinks he sees the injur'd hand just rais'd
To take the vengeance which it's wrongs demand:
Trembling he wakes; but finding all a dream,
Once more he stretches on his downy couch
A restless length; for scarce again his eyes
Are clos'd, ere round, in airy phantoms, play
The wand'ring ghosts of those poor orphans and
Of widows, whom his villain hand had robb'd,
And left a prey to penury and want.
Again he starts, and raving, shrieks aloud
To those his *vassals* who protect his life;
Around they throng, nor wonder at the scene,
The dreadful scene! familiar to their view;
But now again the well dissembled *tale*,
And studied *art*, to sooth his woes, *repeat*.
Whilst he, all pale and hagg'd with affright,

In

In wild imagination, still surveys
The ghastly vision swim before his eyes.

What *themes* are here for an aspiring muse,
To sing the whirls and eddies of our fate;
To vindicate the freedom of the will
Against whate'er predestinarians urge.
O MILTON! did I hold thy heavenly pen,
I here might raise to rapture such a *theme*;
A *theme* which challenges the boldest flight
Of judgment strong, persuasive eloquence;
Lays claim to all the energy of sense,
And sweetest numbers of harmonious verse.
Or thine, O THOMSON! bard of pleasing note!
Thy nervous language, and refined thoughts,
Strongly expressive, wou'd impress those truths,
Which I, but impotently, strive to paint,

Though foes unnumber'd will attack my song,
Though inexperience checks my daring flight,
And thought, amaz'd, starts at the mighty task,
Yet will I on; O Muse! direct my pen.

Secure,

Secure, within this little hut, I'll sing,
'Till the rude raging of the storm is o'er.

First, *their* bold arguments of strongest force,
Shall, with due candour, now begin my song.

That when creation's vast design still slept
An embrio in God's eternal breast,
He, for the various good of future man
Desirous still, will'd our first parent's fall,
With loss of Paradise, and all the train
Of endless, great events, which sprung from thence;
'Till his blest presence, in the form of man,
Rais'd us, just sinking, from the jaws of death:
In his own bosom, choos'ing his belov'd,
And, by election, partial to a few,
Predestin'd their salvation. All the rest,
A num'rous train! termed the reprobate,
Of whatsoever age, or *clime*, or *faith*,
The sun, in his unceasing round surveys;
Pagan, or *Jew*, or *Christian*, all alike,

Distinctionless, to death eternal doom'd.

Nor are the smallest actions of our lives,

Ev'n to the limits where the foot shall tread,

At the disposal of the human will ;

But were ordain'd ere first the world began.

* As the skill'd potter forms the shapeless clay

To such like vessels as his wants require ;

So the Almighty with his vassals acts,

Dooming to honor, or to endless shame,

Just as his pleasure suits ; nor pays regard

To persons, states, or deeds ; whether as *priest*

With sacred honors grac'd ; or vice clad

Sycophants in princely robes. Now my Muse,

Their chief excuse for such belief rehearse ;

That, if they may from supposition speak,

Those, it wou'd be most natural to judge,

Who in fair Virtue's sacred garb appear,

Who walk with justice, truth, and christian love ;

Who, unimpeach'd of lawless act, or deed,

Quit, with applause, their passage to the grave ;

Are of the happy few, term'd the elect ;

* 9 Chap. 21 ver. St. PAUL's Epist. to the Romans.

And

And those, fast-fetter'd in the bands of vice,
With sin and wickedness familiar grown,
(A mighty number these) O dreadful thought!
Are of the reprobate, and doom'd ere yet
An atom in the womb, to ceaseless pains.
And th' elect, whate'er their faith or sins, are,
By the sufferings of the great *Redeemer*,
From each enormous accusation purg'd.
This, surely, wou'd the great Creator's word,
In ev'ry sense and meaning, contradict;
As oft he tells us by his prophet's tongues,
"That virtue still shall meet its just reward."
If all's predestin'd, where can *virtue* be?
It is not to be found in human form;
Nor ought we do can claim that *distant name*,
If so, the precepts of Religion's voice,
Which to the woe-fraught heart, speaks sweet content,
Wou'd lose their weight—and thou, fair Industry!
Vain wou'd thy arts, and thy inventions be;
Care wou'd give way to hateful Indolence,
And all her lounging train of human ills:
Nay more, the impious wretch who perpetrates

Crimes of the blackest and most horrid dye,
Wou'd boldly dare to charge 'em all on heaven !

When dire diseases seize on mortal frames,
The doctor's long sought skill wou'd be in vain,
And earth, kind parent of balsamic herbs,
Wou'd nurse her offspring to no end, nor use.
None, it is true, can say to death, *begone !*
But, sure, these blessings were by Heaven meant
To ease, and quell the diff'rent stings and pains,
Which on this clay-built fabric daily seize,
Till Nature's sparkling lamp is quite extinct,

What more can mortal say ? For thou, O POPE !
In these few words

“ Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
“ To see the good from ill ;
“ And binding nature fast in fate,
“ Set free the human will.”

 hast fully told what most
My feeble muse, in her defence, cou'd sing ;
Unless

Unless from Scripture I cou'd *truths* deduce,
Which, here rehears'd, would stun their *erring pride*.
And this no mighty task can surely be,
As it abounds with proffer'd future life,
If we but pay God's holy laws respect,
And his commandments strictly keep; as none
Are unto *misery resistless born*.

Elect there may be, and a *Reprobate*:
'There may, and are; and whilst they here remain,
Their *virtues*, or their *vices* are the proofs,
And life's the stage, where each performs his part
In the grand play of Scripture: and, as his
Merits claim, he meets *applause* in heaven.
But as our erring nature still is frail,
And we are subject to a thousand sins;
Our blest'd Redeemer's blood *was wish'd*
To cleanse those sins, and make salvation sound;
Or coward conscience, (monitor severe!)
Wou'd, with its doubts, far banish all repose.
Nay more; has not our Saviour told us, that
The Shepherd's joy o'er one lost sheep resound

Is greater far, than o'er the ninety nine
 His strong built fold contain'd :—So with th' finner
 'Tis, who, ere a sick-bed takes him pris'ner,
 Repents of his past errors, and reforms :
 Sure this implies the human will at large.

But say, the fatal accidents which oft
 Befal us, can we e'er prevent? Or does
 The virtues of the just, or the apparent so,
 In this life, screen them from calamities?
 Ah no! if not to punish our past crimes,
 These ills are meant; they are to prove our love
 And firm attachment to our great Creator :
 As we in Job have many instances;
 Which, in our greatest suff'rings, patience teach;
 And the improvement of such talents, here,
 By nature given us, to assist mankind,
 For th' use of which we, one day, must account.

Though pre-ordained certain ends may be,
 (Which by great Nature's sacred laws are rul'd)
 'Tis not my faith, the time, or means to bring
 About

About those ends, are fixt: so that the *will*
 Remains at *large*, and still at *pleasure* acts,
 To steer those bearings to the wish'd-for point.
 Sure then, a future life on th' human will
 Depends. Nay ev'n Saint PAUL, the greatest friend
 Predestinarians claim, allows a free,
 Or rather a permissive will, (but this
 Permission being of heaven's own granting
 Is made free) when of the potter's clay he speaks:
 * If man to *mould* a lump of clay has *power*,
 He must have power to *mould* his *actions* too.
 So not a doubt remains, without *good works*
Salvation never can by *faith* be gain'd;
 Nor by *good works*, unless combin'd with *faith*.
 But what in man can we call *good*, further
 Than for distinction's sake? for let us do
 The best that human nature can—'tis as we ought.

Man! what art thou! what is proud imperious
 Man? What! but almost a nameless nothing,
 A crawling insect, a mere grov'ling worm,

* 9 Chap. 21 ver. St. PAUL's Epist. to the Romans.

When

When once devoid of his best blessing, reason !
Yet, with what pride, this pigmy tyrant claims,
O'er all the mighty universe, to reign ;
Blindly presumptuous ! with superior hand
Dealing out fate, just as his pleasure, or
His profit guides—usurped power ! Had we
The wealth of CROESUS, the strength of ATLAS,
Or the vast empire of mighty CÆSAR,
We have no right to rule an insect's fate,
Unless necessity the licence grants.

How then, O man of blood ! when at the last,
Great, solemn day, the day of high account,
Summon'd before thy strict and awful judge,
How wilt thou vindicate this horrid sin,
(Thought most terrible !) the sin of *Murder* ?
What can provoke thy arm to strike a blow
Forbade by ev'ry tye both moral and divine ?
What ! but despair in that *Omnipotence*
Who gives thee *all things* ! O cou'd gentle Hope !
Inspire thy breast with patience to attend
The will of thy all-gracious God, how far

More

More easy wou'd thy soul find rest in her
Eternal mansion. And why not? Is this
Too great a task for thy weak, erring pride?
'Tis but a moment and thou art no more.
A few short, transient years are scarcely past,
Ere thy Creator speaks thee into dust.
What made the haughty Persian tyrant weep,
When o'er Thermopyla's extended plain
He rode exalted in his glitt'ring car?
What! but the recollection that he was
—But clay;—nor all his wealth, nor all his power
Cou'd save him from the GRAVE.——

Then let us hope, and hoping, still believe;
However luckless be our fates to-day,
To-morrow's sun will more propitious rise:
So, by adhering still to that straight path,
Which moral truth and virtue shall direct;
Acting a Christian's part to all the world;
With joy, we may, securely, expect,
When the soul leaves her sick abode of clay,
To gain eternal, unmolested bliss.

L

The

The blust'ring storm is past, and once again,
The waining moon salutes the silent earth.
Now nought is heard around, except the sighs
Of pining lovers, and of sickly care ;
Join'd with the barkings of the village curs.
Hark ! what sound is that ? sure 'tis the rake
Just tumbling from the brothel, drench'd in wine,
Who vaunts his sins, and bellows as he rolls.
Again ! that's the orphan's dying shriek at
Th' dread ruffian's hand just rais'd to take his life,
Whose greatest ill was to be born too rich.
Gods ! what a savage monster sure is man,
Thus on the needs of others *thus* to prey,
And crush the being he was bound to save.
O may such principles be far exempt
From an inheritance within my breast :
And wou'd kind heaven hear this my humble prayer,
To give me health, contentment, and a cot,
Join'd by affection to the nymph I love,
With just a competence to guard my door
From the keen gripe of meagre poverty,

And

And now and then some wish'd assistance lend
To real distress, and make the sick heart glad;
So great a blessing, I cou'd wish no more.



C O N T E N T M E N T.

IN smiling ambition, in folly and pride,
What moments, what hours, what days have I
spent;

How fondly my soul to the world was allied,
How vainly I sought in the world for *Content*!

Fair wanton-ey'd *Pleasure*, with treacherous smiles,
From folly to folly still lur'd me away;
I eagerly follow'd; but soon in her wiles,
Entangled, she left me to sorrow a prey.

In *Woman*, I fondly expected to find
Delight and *Content*; how mistaken I've been!
'Tis true, my FLORELLA a moment was kind;
But now all her kindness is turn'd into spleen.

And in *Wine* to attain the dear *phantom* I strove;
Vain! vain such attempts! and as simple as vain!
How fruitless those searches are likely to prove,
Which for *pleasure* pursue the sure windings of *pain*?
But

But now (all the world and its follies forgot)

In this rural retirement my days shall be spent :

My all, these fair fields, and my flocks, and my cot ;

Enough!—I'm a king! —I am more ; I'm *content*.



BACCHUS'S

BACCHUS'S BIRTH-DAY.

LET'S dedicate this day to mirth,
The day which gave LENÆUS birth,
The mighty god of wine !

Come, boys, prepare, with joy prepare,
Intwining chaplets; wreath his hair;
For BACCHUS is divine !

Ha ! see, he comes !

The rosy king !

Beat, beat the drums !

Enraptur'd sing !

And usher in the jolly boy,
Amid repeated shouts of joy !

Fill, fill your glasses, drown the brim !

Our souls in seas of bliss shall swim ;

Bliss, foe to pining sorrow !

Soft love shall join with glorious wine,

And raise each thought to joys sublime,

Regardless of to-morrow.

Here's

BACCHUS'S BIRTH-DAY. 87

Here's to VENUS,

Queen of Love!

Here's to BACCHUS,

Son of JOVE!

This toast I'll drink whilst I have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.

Let nought but mirth and glee abound;
Push, push the luscious goblet round;

The praise of BACCHUS sing:

Bring drawer, bring the largest flask;

We'll soak the Bacchanalian cask,

In honour to our king:

With joy declare

His spreading fame;

Earth, sea, and air,

Resound his name!

All raise to song! proclaim his sway;

This is the great, the glorious day!

PHILANDER

PHILANDER AND SYLVIA.

ALGERNON, and the lovely SYLVIA was
A young, but yet a most unhappy pair ;
The honest warmth and tenderness of love ;
The mutual rapture, and the secret bliss
Of two fond hearts, by kindred passions join'd,
They tasted not : ill fated ! hapless match !
Union from whence sweet comfort never sprung !

The vicious habits, numberless and rank,
Which, like foul weeds, infest these modish times,
Seem'd in ALGERNON to be center'd all :
To him th' endearments of a virtuous wife
No joy, no relish had ; charms far superior,
Far transcending these, his dulled senses,
Wonderously dull ! found in the rattle
Of a midnight broil (shocking to relate !)
Where wanton vice plays off her thousand arts,
And sees, heart-joyful sees, her forward sons
Riot in wickedness, and laugh at death !

Where

PHILANDER AND SYLVIA. 89

Where reeling drunkenness, and lewd-tongu'd mirth
Belch forth obscenity, and jests profane ;
Which here to paint wou'd all description pass,
And baffle thought ev'n on her utmost stretch :
And, if related, on the modest cheek
Wou'd raise, indignant, the red blush of shame ;
Therefore in silence let such themes remain,
The just abhorrence of the noble soul.

To gentle SYLVIA I will turn my thoughts ;
She was of diff'rent cast : by nature form'd
Above her sex, pre-eminently fair !
Richly endow'd with ev'ry winning grace
To charm the eye, or captivate the heart ;
In person elegant, in manners chaste,
A gen'rous spirit, and a soul refin'd.

O woful thought ! that so much beauty with
Such worth combin'd, shou'd, ev'n by those from
whom

Those blessings sprung, thro' the accursed lust,

M

The

90 PHILANDER AND SYLVIA,

The dirty, base-born principle of gain,
 Be given up, nay prostituted to
 The foul embrace of him, whose callous heart
 Ne'er felt the smallest tenderness of love;
 Who dead to all that nobleness of soul
 Which stamps distinction betwixt man and brute,
 Thinks woman, lovely woman! God's noblest
 Work! Creation's fairest flower! *a mere thing*,
 A common necessary; an utensil
 Made to assist his very meanest ends,
 To gratify his slavish low desires!
 Such was that he to whom, by cruel fate,
 The beautiful SYLVIA was, in wedlock join'd;
 Unhappy maid! adapted ill to bear
 The churlish treatment of so rude a mate.

It chanc'd, amongst ALGERNON's num'rous friends,
 Surpassing all, PHILANDER held a place;
 A worthy youth, possess'd, in high degree,
 Of all that noble sentiment of soul;
 That nice refinement, elegant and pure,
 Which greatly dignifies and raises man;

Which

Which on our nature casts a brighter glance,
 And never fails to please and to endear.
 With utmost grief and pity he beheld
 The poor, dejected, injur'd SYLVIA's woe ;
 Daily augmented by the disrespect,
 And rough behaviour of her brutal spouse :
 Peace was to her unknown ! domestic jars ;
 Ill nature, never pleas'd ; rancour and strife ;
 With all the bitter train of baneful ills,
 Which ceaseless spring from wedded misery,
 Around her scowl'd incessant ; and far, far
 Banish'd comfort's cheering smile ! From pity,
 Friendship in PHILANDER's breast soon ardent
 Rose ; from friendship, love. The subtle passion,
 Ere he was aware, soft and unnotic'd,
 As the midnight thief, surpriz'd his senses,
 And, rooted deep, at large possess'd his soul.

“ Ah ! hapless, hapless hour ! ” (the gen'rous
 youth

Thus reason'd with himself) “ when first my eyes

“ Beheld that beauty, which enthrals my heart.

92 PHILANDER AND SYLVIA.

- “—Shall my lew’d soul with hellish baseness stoop
 “ To wrong my friend, in the most tender point?
 “ To stain his honour? Win to pollution
 “ His fair, virtuous wife?—Reason and honour
 “ Tell me I am wrong. Reason and honor!
 “ These are solemn words! Honor! the tie of
 “ Kings; the hero’s glory, and the poor man’s boast!
 “ And shall I trample on so proud a title?
 “ Shall reason sleep? Horror is in the thought!
 “ O fatal fondness! I will cast thee off;
 “ I must, I will wring out this poison from
 “ My heart—*I will!*—Vain and presumptuous word!
 “ For O! what power, or mortal, or divine,
 “ Can quell the impulse of resistless Love?
 “ Conscience in vain essays her feeble voice:
 “ It sets at nought my strongest, best resolves;
 “ And, like the fury of the tempest’s blast,
 “ Breaks down all interception to it’s course.”

The more PHILANDER reason’d with himself,
 The more he was perplex’d. Despotie Love;
 Who laughs at all philosophy can preach,

Securely

Securely reign'd, and triumph'd in his breast :
 Nor was it long ere he, in gentlest terms,
 To SYLVIA told his still-encreasing flame :
 At first she stood reluctant to his suit ;
 Look'd pale with fear, and trembled as he spoke :—
 But then so pleasing and so soft his tale ;
 So sweetly irresistibly he woo'd ;
 And sigh'd, and press'd, and us'd such kind persuasion,
 That she, fond fair ! compliant met his wish,
 In all the warmth and extasy of joy !

O ! how instable is all earthly bliss !
 Though riches, pomp, supremacy and power,
 To day, attendant, wait upon thy call ;
 Though *Pleasure* lull thee, in her rosy lap,
 To the full height of ideot-delight ;
 Know, happy man ! before to-morrow's dawn,
 The golden prospect may be vanish'd quite,
 And thou, astonish'd, left to all the stings
 Of keen reflection, horror and despair !

94 PHILANDER AND SYLVIA.

One night, enraptur'd, in his SYLVIA's arms
As blest PHILANDER lay, carelefs of hurt,
ALGERNON chanc'd (for feldom cou'd he brook
The thought of sleeping foberly at home)
Unlook'd for, to ftep in, and, lucklefs, reel'd
Into his wife's apartment. Awhile he
Stood, filent and pale !—At length, red-rifing,
In his threat'ning eyes terrific fury
Glow'd ! Quick from his fide a poignard, pointed
Keen, with horrid grasp he drew, and deep, deep
Plung'd it in fair SYLVIA's breaft ! woful fight !
O what transporting pangs of pity, love,
Revenge, remorse, and abfolute defpair !
In mix'd commotion lab'ring for a vent,
That moment tortur'd poor PHILANDER's heart !
He rav'd ! he tore ! and, in the heighth of rage,
Curfing the author of fo curs'd a deed,
With frantic hand, feiz'd the ftill-reeking blade,
And pierc'd ALGERNON with a deadly ftab !—
All fmeas'd with blood ; diftraction painted in
His vague, wild looks ; and rolling difmally
His glaring eyes, PHILANDER fpeechlefs flood :
Sad.

Sad image of unutterable woe !
Nor did he long survive this tragic scene :
Stung with the bitter poignancy of thought,
Black, guilty thought ! incessantly severe !
And loathing life, now miserable made,
At one dread blow, with foul and murd'rous hand,
He bid farewell to human wretchedness.



THE POET'S FAREWEL.

WHEN drowsy *Elegy*, in whining strain,
Records funereal, the heart-breaking loss
Of lap-dog, monkey, cat, or favorite bird,
What ear remains unravish'd with the song?
Such themes there are, and such protection find.
Why may not I, and with as good a grace,
For thee, O Grub-street! thrum my resty muse?
Tho' lopt thy laurels in these spleenful days;
Tho' scoff'd and buffeted thy hapless name;
Thy glory tarnish'd; and (O sad mischance!)
Thou and thy immortal sons, immortal
Now no more, become the butt of scandal,
And the school-boys laugh! Yet, thus degraded,
Fall'n as thou art, still I esteem thee;
Account thee still more worthy of a song
Than lap-dog, monkey, cat, or favorite bird,
Then, ere we part, ah! yes, my Grub-street, part!
Fate so decrees, and who dares spurn at fate?
Permit my sorrow, sorrow deeply felt,

To

To leave this humble tribute of my love ;
Due to thy mem'ry, to thy greatness due :
And, sure, 'twou'd be ungenerously done,
Mean, base ingratitude indeed, shou'd I,
Without one friendly word, one kind farewell,
Desert and fly thy wit-inspiring realms,
I, who so oft within thy snug retreats,
Aided by thee, and by the nine inspir'd,
Have spun harmonious, from my fertile brain,
Fires, horrid murders ! apparitions dire !
Or, softly languishing in gentler fires,
Sung dolorous, with sympathising tear,
Of swain enamour'd, the enamour'd song ;
Painted expressive the warm scenes of love,
The heart-heav'd sigh, the unaffected glance,
Divinely eloquent ! the close embrace ;
The artless blush, mutual and fond.

To thee, O Saint Giles ! spot of goodly note !
Well, full well I'm known ; spruce farthing ballads,
From the lip, sweet-quivering, of graceful
Wench, have oft my name, in squall delightful,

N

Re-

Re-echo'd musical thy walls around.
 O scenes of bliss ! O joyous time ! far fled,
 Fled like the mock'ry of an idle dream ;
 And left me joyless, desolate, forlorn,
 " To the rude mercy of these iron times."

Parnassus charms no more. Grub-street, farewell !
 And ye, O brother bards ! renown'd in song ;
 Companions faithful of my happier days !
 To you, dear cronies ! I must bid adieu.
 Here from my brow I strip the wither'd bays ;
 I here resign all former thirst of fame :—
 On fame I've liv'd too long ; how thin such food,
 These haggard eyes and fallow cheeks declare.

What praise, what mighty trophies have I gain'd !
 This sorry garret, comfortless and cold,
 Where lousy poverty, my constant guest,
 Reigns absolute ; this thread-bare, tatter'd vest,
 Emblem of wretchedness and keenest want.
 O curst ambition ! phantom fair smiling !
 Thou pompous nothing ! shadow of myself !
 How hath thy siren flatt'ry led me on ?

This !

This! this the sum of all that happiness,
 With which thy gilded promises allur'd
 My eager grasp? glorious amount!
 The poet's sure reward;—too surely mine.
 So when the wing of night o'erspreads the world,
 The wearied pilgrim, far from friends and home,
 Plods, sad and tim'rous, his lonely way.
 Before him skims the seeming-friendly light
 Of vaporish flare, which from the bowels
 Of the sulph'ry earth bright issuing forth,
 Onward invites him: o'er wide dreary wastes,
 Where, ever fatal to unwary steps,
 Lurks the deep lurid pit, and deathful bog;
 Eager he presses to the cheerly blaze;
 Alas! in vain; the cheerly blaze eludes
 His fickle hopes; and, quickly vanishing,
 Leaves him, heart-sicken'd, to a thousand fears;
 His resolution drops; hope blasted flies;
 Deep, deep he sinks, faint, heavy, spiritless,
 A prey to darkness, horror and despair.

For ever luckless be that luckless hour
 When first my words fell gingly into rhyme,

When

600 THE POET'S FAREWELL

When first the name of poet I attain'd,
 Did not my genius point to nobler ends?
 Ends great and glorious, worthy my pursuit!
 But sheepish modesty straight interven'd,
 With her unnecessary qualms and doubts,
 And crush'd, abortive, all my vast designs:
 O bitter galling thought!—Fool that I was
 To miss my talent thus! why did I, blind
 Unto my future good, madly take up the pen?
 When far more graceful in my hand had shov'd
 The golden truncheon!—O 'twas meanly done!
 But when shall merit, modest merit meet
 Her just reward? Dull are these shallow times,
 (O shameful truth!) to wit and genius dull,

Farewel thou fatally disgraceful name,
 Of author, poet, verseman, bard, or scribe,
 Curst, baneful words! the source of all my woe,
 Or by whatever title thou art known;
 Hence from my memory I blot thee out;
 Hence I renounce, detest and hate thee all,

THE END